

THE
A M A Z O N
OR
Female Courage

Vindicated and asserted from the Examples

OF

Several Illustrious Women,

Address'd to the Ladies of

Great-Britain, and

I R E L A N D on the present Occasion,

AND

Humbly Inscribed to the Countess of

CHESTERFIELD.

By JAMES EYRE WEEKS, late of the University.

FÆMINA Dux salu

Virg.

D U B L I N.

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THE
A M A Z O N
O R

Female Courage, &c



Female

Virg.

O *Chesterfield*! to thee an *Irish* Muse
(Untaught in Courts) for thy Protection
While our *HIBERNIA* is your *Consort's*
While we the blessings of his Sceptre share,
Accept the *Tribute*, we wou'd fondly Pay,
While at a Distance she presents her Lay,
Of *Female Magnanimity* she sings,
Proud of the *Theme*, she prunes her trembling Wings,
New is the Subject, Happy is the *Choice*,
If *Chesterfield* but deigns to hear her Voice,
Fain wou'd she offer something more refin'd,
Worthy thy Taste, and suited to thy Mind,
But she unknown to Palaces, and Kings,
Far far from Patrons unregarded Sings,
Yet will not gentler *Chesterfield* refuse,
The *well-meant* License of the *homely* Muse,
But, like kind *Italy*, a Smile propitious Deign,
Accept th' *intention*, or the Gift disdain,

Ye fair of *Britain*, and *Ierne's* Isle,
Reward your Poet with a fav'ring Smile,
From *valiant* Women he his Pattern draws,
Who gain'd the *Courage* earlier times Applause,

Nor does he think but in these *latter* Days
The fair, (if Honour call'd) wou'd win our Praise.

If *danger* threat'n'd, *Women* would be brave,
Who kill in *Peace*, in *War* have Hearts to Save,
Woman, by *Education* tim'rous form'd,
Wou'd (train'd in *War*) a Citadel have storm'd,
Wou'd rally Armies with a martial Voice,
Irresolute by *Habit*, not by *Choice*,

Tho' *Constitution* oft may interfere,
Tis *Education* only damps the fair,
Since from the infancy of Time till now,
A *Female Courage* Histories avow,
Pens of all Ages in the Truth agree,
And *Bards* record their *Magnanimity*.

DID not fair *Deborah* a Host pursue
When she the force of *Sisera* o'erthrew?
Have we not read of *Amazons* of Old,
How great in *War*, how resolute and bold?
When near the banks of *Thermodon* they lay,
And drew their Armies forth in dread Array?
Say of what fearless Souls were they possess'd
Who cou'd cut off the Female Infant's Breast?
Lest, when in Woman's Vigour it shou'd grow,
It's heavings might impede the steady Bow.
From their bar'd Arm the feather'd *Arrow* flies
Mortal as those which sally from their Eyes.
The brave *Thalestris* for her Deeds renown'd,
A Match for *Alexander's* Arm was found,
Subdu'd in *War*, she conquered him in *Love*,
An armed *Pallas* worthy of a *Jove*,
The brave *Hippolita* a *Theseus* Won,
And great *Alcides* fought his *Amazon*,

Thus did the Race of *Amazons* pursue
 Conquests of *Myrtle*, and of *Laurel* too;
 What mighty Deeds, surpassing our belief
 When valiant *Artemisia* was their Chief!
 See! to the aid of *Xerxes* her Ally
 In glitt'ring Steel the *Female Warrior* fly!
 And while *she* met the fervour of the War
 The tim'rous Monarch view'd the fight afar,
 In *Troy's* fam'd Siege, as old Historians write,
Penthesilea led her Troops to fight,
 And when the *Trojans* with *Aeneas* fled
Turnus his Foe receiv'd *Camilla's* aid,
 Early were those in harden'd Virtue bred
 Nor knew the *Toilette*, or the *Noon-day* bed
 Strangers to *dress*, except when *Arms* adorn,
 They rouz'd the Boar, and hunted all the Morn,
 In pamper'd Arts of *Luxury* unskill'd,
 With *Appetite* they eat the game they kill'd
 To quench their thirst they drank the *beast by stream*
 And thence to *War* with *double* Vigour came,
 No Cold they fear'd, but thro' the Mountain Snow
 Sought recent Sport, or dar'd the distant Foe,
 Averse to *Man* and all the Toys of *Love*
 To take his *Head*, and not his *Heart* they strove
 Yet to keep up their else declining Race,
 Once in the Year permitted his embrace.

The Story of J A E L.

W H E N *Sisera* declin'd th' unequal fight
 His Army slain himself reduc'd to flight,
 Closely pursu'd, to *Jael's* Tent he flies,
 Destin'd to fall a *Woman's* Sacrifice,
 Hot from the fight, and languid from his Foes,
 She gave him drink, and left him to Repose,

Her

Her Country's Int'rest throbbing at her Heart,
 She vow'd to act a more than *Woman's* part,
 Shou'd she Protect a Foe to all her Race,
 By Heav'n devoted to the fatal Place?
 No with a Soul unshaken she repairs,
 Uncheck'd by tremors, or unseemly fears,
 To find a Death; No warlike Arms she saw
 No Lance to pierce him, nor a Sword to draw,
 Her firm *resolves* cou'd more than *Arms* prevail,
 When lo! the fatal *Hammer* and the *Nail*!
 Arm'd with the *Nail* to *Sisera* she flies
 Her right Hand to the *Hammer* she applies,
 Enchain'd in Sleep the hapless *Gen'ral* lay,
 Who 'scap'd whole *Legions*, fell a *Woman's* Prey,
 Just where the temp'ral Pulse is seen to move,
 The *Nail* with stroke Impetuous she drove,
 Doom'd from a *Female* Arm his fate to meet,
 He bow'd, he fell, he languish'd at her Feet,
 The Action claim'd a Poetess's Tongue,
 A *Woman* conquered, and a *Woman* sung:
 Illustrious Matron! fondly wou'd my Lays
 Joyn in the Triumph of thy matchless Praise,
 Check'd by thy Worth, I dare Attempt no more,
 Nor soil that Virtue sung so well *before*.

The Story of JUDITH.

LET *Judith's* Name next grace my votive Rhime,
 The *bravest* as the *fairest* of her Time,
Judith, whose *Beauty* equal'd not her Sense,
 Whose *Charms* were but her *lowest* Excellence,
 Those *Charms* she made subservient to her *Mind*,
 Her Country's great Deliverer design'd,
 What Time th' *Assyrian* Monarch sent his force
 His num'rous Infantry, and warlike Horse,

With mighty *Holofernes* at their Head,
 When to *Bethulia's* Gates, the Host he led,
 Flush'd with preceding Conquests, he sat down
 And straight Cut off the Water from the Town,
 Their Streams exhausted, and their Cisterns dry
 For quick redress, the murm'ring People cry,
 Aloud they call'd upon the Rulers first,
 To yield the City, e'er they dy'd of Thirst,
 That 'twas of two the eligible Ill,
 To live in Slav'ry, e'er the Thirst shou'd kill,
 Driv'n to such Streights, the Governors propose
 That *Heav'n* was all sufficient to their Woes,
 And that if *Heav'n* within five Days declin'd
 To send relief, the Town shou'd be resign'd;
 Content with this Remonstrance, they were still,
 And all attended to th' *Almighty's* Will,

BUT *Judith* her indignity express'd
 Against the Counsel, and the Chiefs address'd,
 Shewing that 'twas a diffidence in *Heav'n*,
 A daring Insult, not to be forgiv'n,
 To limit out it's Mercy to a Day,
 Or fix a bound from which it shou'd not stray,
 Desponding Men, to Circumscribe it's Pow'r
 Whose Will conducts an *Age*, as well as *Hour*!
 Whose prescient Eye intuitively sees
Time rolling on to finish his Decrees,
 Will ye permit a *Female* Tongue to plead?
 Her Counsel follow'd, shall your Cause succeed,
 Know that high *Heav'n* has doom'd a *Woman's* Arm
 To free your Country, and avert it's harm,
 Still keep your City, nor my Thought require,
 I'll bring ye Safety, e'er the Days expire,

Permit

Permit me with my hand-maid to depart,
Revenge, my Arm, and *Freedom* prompts my Heart,
Thus spoke the lovely *Orator* approv'd,
Her *Wisdom* honour'd, as *her form* belov'd,
First to th' *Almighty* Ruler having pray'd,
She quits the Town, attended by her Maid,
With Curious Dress, she had improv'd her Frame,
The Souls of the beholders to Inflamm,
She flung her now neglected Weeds aside,
As doom'd to share the Transports of a Bride,
And with Design she bends her artful Way,
Where the first Guards of the *Assyrians* lay,
The curious Guard her beauteous Form admir'd,
Whether she went, or whence she came, enquir'd,
To whom she answer'd, that her chief Intent
Was to be brought to *Holofernes'* Tent,
That she had Matters worthy of his Ear,
For that the Ruin of his Foes was near ;
Pleas'd with her Errand, to his Tent they send
The beautiful Mischief, but the seeming Friend,
Soon as the *Gen'ral* saw the charming Snare,
His Soul was captivated to the Fair,
While she assur'd him with a sweet Address,
That *Heav'n* thro' her wou'd give his Arms Success,
For that th' *Almighty* had declin'd the Cause
Of the *besieg'd*, for breach of sacred Laws,
That early warn'd she fled her *People's* fate,
Their Ruin, and his Triumph to relate ;
Her form his Eyes, her Words enslav'd his Ear,
He bids his Slaves a splendid Feast prepare,
Near him beneath a Canopy of State
In graceful Pomp the fair Deceiver fate,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd that such Beauty had his Cause espous'd
 The am'rous Gen'ral plenteous Cups carous'd,
 And sure to sate his Passion with the Fair,
 His ravish'd Soul suspects no Danger near.

'Twas Night, and all but *Judith* were remov'd,
 That fatal Night he fell by her he lov'd,
 By *thousands* guarded doom'd a *Woman's* prey
 Stretch'd on his Couch the sleeping Gen'ral lay,
 When lo! she saw, to prompt her great Design,
 Beneath his Head the glitt'ring faulchion shine,
 First having *Heav'n* invok'd with solemn Pray'r,
 She seiz'd great *Holofernes* by the Hair,
 Then with her right Hand lifts the shining Blade
 And at a blow struck off the Gen'ral's Head,
 Amidst his Thousands unsuspecting harm,
 He fell the Victim of a Female Arm,

Who would not then be *Judith* in a Cause
 That clasp'd her *Country, Liberty* and *Laws*?
 What *Female Heroine* wou'd not now cut down
 A bold *Pretender* to her *Monarch's* Crown?
 Who wou'd not, if the Motive were *alike*,
 Convert the *Needle* to the martial *Pike*,
 Support *their Husbands* in the doubtful fray,
 Or rally *Sons* to win the glorious Day,
 Their *Daughters* with a warlike Soul inspire,
 To Conquer, or for *Liberty* Expire,
 Nay teach the Infant suckling at the Breast
 How dear the milky Treasure he possess'd,
 To let him know it was by *birth-right* due,
 And make him seem to *Conquer* for it too.

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